NEW YORK JOURNAL
W. R. HEARST.
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Only fifty-seven days more of Cleveland.

A REQUEST FOR INFORMATION.

The Herald yesterday, in one of its infrequent moments of editorial positivism, called the attention of the President-elect to a few pertinent facts, and submitted to his consideration, and that of its readers, some timely questions.

It is Major McKinley's "preoccupation with the tariff" that bothers the Herald, and it strives to rouse him by calling his attention to the facts that "the prosperity of which he was the advance agent still lingers by the way. * * * Industries are still depressed. * * * The railroads are not doing a good business, freight not coming forward freely. * * * Wages are not going up as promised." And, having made these statements of undoubted fact, the Herald goes on to ask: "How will heavier duties on manufactures help this state of things? Heavier duties may enable producers to produce, but will they help consumers to consume? And what is the use of stimulating manufactures unless you can stimulate the markets for them also?"

These questions the Herald makes no attempt to answer, which is a pity, for they suggest problems which have troubled great numbers of our people long before now. But not content with propounding posers which it cannot, or dare not, answer, our contemporary proceeds with its work of embarrassing the President-elect in his course, and thereby retarding prosperity:

There have been sixteen bank failures in the West and South since November; some of them in Chicago itself and in St. Paul. Does Mr. McKinley think a new tariff would have prevented them? They are due in part to overtrading and overlending on an unsound basis. They are due primarily to the condition of the currency which produces a glut of money in New York and a scarcity elsewhere. Would the tariff help that?

No, the tariff would not help that. What would? The Herald answers, in what is rather a vague generalization, "currency reform." This "would put the business and credit of this country on a sure and stable foundation, and would give us that credit abroad which we shall never acquire while the currency remains as it is."

At this point the Herald leaves us without defining its plan for a reform of the currency by which the ability of the consumer to consume shall be increased, and the glut of money in New York be no longer accompanied by a currency famine in the West. The Republican platform, of course, outlined no serious plan, except international bimetallism, and it entirely justifies the assertions of Major McKinley, Mark Hanna, Senator Thurston and other representative Republicans that they do not regard it their duty to take up currency legislation. Unauthorized and inofficial persons are contending for the retirement of the greenbacks, but that emphatically would not produce the stimulating effect on markets for which the Herald pleads. And surely, in the face of the banking record of the last three weeks, to which our contemporary calls attention, it can scarcely be urged that a wider and more exclusive control of the national currency should be conferred upon private corporations.

The Herald should certainly outline its plan of currency reform before further badgering the President-elect.

ROUT THE PACIFIC ROAD SWINDLERS.

The United States Senate's Committee on Railroads is packed with hirelings of Collis P. Huntington, and will never in the world report Senator Pettigrew's resolution calling for an appropriation of $10,000,000 to take up the Union Pacific's 1891 trust notes. So Senator Pettigrew himself says. He says further, that the refunding plan is "one of the grossest outrages ever perpetrated on the people," and that the Pacific railway ring has been "robbing the Government for years."

It should be explained that the trust notes Mr. Pettigrew would have the Government take up are based upon the bonds and other securities of the Union Pacific branch lines, which have always been profitable, and not merely upon the securities of Mr. Huntington's "two streaks of rust," which are maintained at a loss. If, Mr. Pettigrew points out, the Government should foreclose its mortgage on the main line the ring would join the branches to the "orth[illegible] or some other competing railway, and the [illegible] would have nothing but the rust streaks to money.

[illegible]kmate this scheme Mr. Pettigrew would have the [illegible]ment buy up the trust notes, on which the interest [illegible] years past due, and foreclose on the entire system at one time. Whether the notes could be obtained is another matter which need not be inquired into as long as Huntington owns the Committee on Railroads.

When the Powers bill comes up in Washington to-morrow, however, Senator Pettigrew's idea should be carefully considered. This is the situation:

The Central Pacific and Union Pacific companies owe the Government $115,000,000, and the debt is overdue. The Huntington crowd, which now, as heretofore, is assisted by as shameless and powerful a lobby as was ever formed, shows that the companies cannot pay, and wants the Government to refund the obligations for fifty years longer at a reduction of interest to 2 per cent per annum. "If you will do this," the ring says to the people, "you may get $2,300,000 a year out of us for some time. If you will not, then you get nothing but a right of way, some old iron and a dilapidated lot of cars and engines. Take it or leave it. It doesn't much matter to us. We are growing old and we have got enough out of you to enable us to live comfortably, and when we die to have a decent funeral. We have no idea of paying that $115,000,000, now or hereafter."

It is apparently an impregnable position the ring occupies. Huntington is enormously rich outside of the two railway properties, Stanford is dead, and his money is secured to the Stanford University. Hopkins is dead, and his fortune is safely invested in the name of Searles. Crocker is dead, and his vast means are out of harm's way. The ring owns the terminals of the Central Pacific, which cannot be touched by the Government's second lien; and it owns the Union Pacific feeders, which cannot be levied on except by Mr. Pettigrew's plan, which is unlikely to be adopted. By means of construction companies it has absorbed all the profits of the roads and has kept their treasuries empty.

But, in spite of all this, the existing law compelling foreclosure should be obeyed. To refund the debt at 2 per cent, when the Government has to pay 3½ to 4 per cent, would mean a loss of $2,300,000 annually, a loss which would wipe out the interest on the loan, and in fifty years would amount to a loss of all the principal, even supposing it to be collectible then. On the other hand, if the mortgage should be foreclosed, the Government would possibly be able to sell the property for half the debt, and nobody has ever asserted that half a loaf now is not better than no bread fifty years from now.

The refunding scheme must be defeated as overwhelmingly as the Reilly bill was defeated in the Fifty-third Congress. If we cannot recover the hundreds of millions stolen from us by the transcontinental highwaymen, we can at least keep them from robbing us for fifty years more.

The cable message from the Journal's special commissioner to Spain, Mr. James Creelman, which is published to-day, throws new light on the sort of warfare being waged in Cuba, as well as upon the state of public feeling in Spain. The attacks upon General Weyler by such thoroughly responsible journals as those Mr. Creelman quotes are not to be lightly dismissed, nor will they be ignored by Spanish people. The revelation that their estates are being ruined by taxation, their sons and husbands drafted into a wasting foreign war to starve in a distant land, their commerce dissipated and their country loaded down with bonded indebtedness, all to fill the pockets of greedy, incompetent and conscienceless generals is likely to fan the excitable Spanish nature into fury. If the Ministry can last in the face of the revelations concerning the state of the army the despotism in Spain must be complete.

As for Weyler, what has the Imparcial left of his character? To murder as a fine art he seems to have added theft as an exact science.

LET THE PEOPLE TAKE STOCK.

It is probable that the application for the amendment of that part of the proposed charter of Greater New York which fixes the minimum par value of city bond at $500 will be made to-day. The amendment is to the effect that bonds may be issued in denominations of not less than $10 or more than $100 each.

There is but one thing to be said on this amendment, and the Journal has said it; but one side to the argument, and the friends of the amendment have it. Make your bonds in denominations ranging from $500 to $5,000 each and they must perforce go into the hands of great capitalists—individual or incorporated. The people will have none, for the people cannot make investments of that size. Instead of being, many of them, creditors, the people will be all debtors and will lack that lively interest in the city's solvency which ownership of even a few of its obligations would create.

On the other hand, small denomination bonds, bonds of from $10 to $100 each, would pass quickly into the hands of the people. They would serve as investments for small savings. They would inculcate habits of thrift among the masses, for thousands would save to buy a bond or two. In time of a currency famine—which even New York has seen—they would serve as a circulating medium. Their ownership would at all times make their holders keep a watchful eye on city revenue and expenditures.

That a municipality is merely a great joint stock corporation is a favorite saying. Why not give the people a chance to become stockholders?

A LOSS TO THE NATION.

General Francis A. Walker, who died yesterday, was a man of unusual ability. In three professions, having but little in common, he won the highest honors. He served his country faithfully as a soldier, enlisting early in 1861 and retiring after the battle of Gettysburg with a wound and a commission as adjutant-general. As a statistician he organized and brought to the highest efficiency the United States Bureau of Statistics and supervised the eighth and ninth censuses of the United States. As an educator and writer upon economic themes his influence on the thought of the country has been of wide effect—his writings, even more than his teachings in the Sheffield Scientific School and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, having carried the lessons of scientific economic study home to thousands of our people.

The wages question and the currency question chiefly engaged General Walker's pen, and it is probable that out of his writings on the latter topic there may have proceeded some embarrassment to him, as there certainly did result much perplexity to his readers. A clear and logical disputant in favor of bimetallism he, to the surprise of some of his admirers, took, at the crucial time of the late campaign, the ground that only by wide international action could bimetallism be made practicable. It would perhaps be unfair to say that at the critical moment he lacked the courage of his convictions. Yet there was in all his discussion of the money question a certain hesitancy in carrying the logical train to its conclusion or perhaps a failure to see the conclusion which forced itself upon his readers. The followers of Mr. Bryan quoted largely from General Walker's books in support of their position, yet he utterly repudiated independent free coinage by the United States. We have known "greenbackers" to recommend his work on "Money" as the very best text book of their doctrine, yet he would have vigorously opposed any plan looking to fiat money. The fact seems to be—though it is clearly a paradox—that in attacking the money question he led many of his followers to a point he never quite reached himself.

Be that as it may, his contributions to economic science, partly by reason of their popular character, partly because he chose concrete subjects of universal and present day interest, have been among the most valuable ever coming from an American writer. His loss is a grievous one to all who seek economic truth and who hope to find it through frank and tolerant discussion.

WILL THE CAT EAT THE CANARY?

That is now the only question. A dispatch to the Evening Journal last night shows that Platt has pledges from seventy-eight members of the Legislature to vote for him for United States Senator. As only seventy-six votes are necessary to a caucus choice, it is perfectly evident that the cat has caught the canary.

But will he eat it? That remains to be seen. There is a fierce gleam in the eyes of him and he is licking his chops. All signs indicate that he is preparing for a meal. The only chance is that something may happen to take away his appetite.

It is a slim chance, but the people who shudder with disgust at the prospective deglution will cling to it with the clutch of despair. Perhaps, at the last moment, Platt will think it wiser not to slap the public in the face; wiser to put some capable and decent man in Hill's seat; wiser to stay at home than to govern the State from Washington.

Perhaps.

In case the Cleveland-Olney ideas of the powers of Congress obtain, the seats now held by the gentlemen in the two branches of our national legislative body could be as ably filled by the same number of messenger boys. As the typical messenger boy moves at a Congressional pace there is no reason why a great reform and retrenchment might not be secured by sending the messenger boys to Congress.

It appears that Senator Wolcott has President-elect McKinley's permission to go ahead and pull the financial wool over the eyes of the people. Further consideration of the Colorado Senator's European trip would be superfluous.

The Wanamaker-Quay contest will hardly leave a stain that will shock the State of Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania has demonstrated in the past that she is politically shock-proof.

Several of the Cuban filibustering vessels seem to have contracted the Texas fever.

The Foreign Matrimonial Market.

The only indication of that business revival to which the community has looked forward so confidently that I have observed shows itself in the foreign matrimonial market, which is active just now in many of its phases.

There is the Pappenheim affair, for example, and I have seen an article in an English review in which complaint is made of the difficulty experienced by English husbands in securing suitable settlements from their American fathers-in-law. Moreover, I learn from an esteemed contemporary that the agent of a French Count is in town seeking to arrange a suitable match for his principal, whose title, he declares, none will dare to question. This story seems a likely one to me for more than one reason. Primarily because the scheme is based on the dense ignorance concerning American affairs and customs that prevails in France, and secondly, because the agent who is here to conduct the most delicate of negotiations does not know a single word of English. There is a ring of truth in that end of the story that leads me to believe in the rest, for it is a well-known fact that when foreigner wishes to employ some one to represent him among English-speaking people or to translate a libretto from German into English his first care is to secure some one who has not the slightest knowledge of our mother tongue.

There is something really pitiful in the disclosures concerning the Pappenheims during their residence in Germany. As Miss Wheeler, the Countess had formerly lived in the full enjoyment of all that Philadelphia has to offer, and as she was extremely wealthy she could have, and doubtless did have, her share of the sort of fun that was current in New York at that time. To exchange the untrammelled freedom of wealthy American girlhood for the cold German shoulder that was offered her at the ancestral Pappenheim castle and the court of the King of Bavaria seems to me little short of lunacy.

The Bavarian court, I may observe, is frequented chiefly by diplomats and courtiers who wear evening dress all day long and affect the cravat known as the "butterfly," an article of adornment which has long been extinct, like the dodo, in the chief centres of the world. I understand, also, that the court is conducted in an extremely frugal manner, and, considered as a place of enjoyment, may be safely compared to the commodious receiving vault at Woodlawn.

It is pitiful, I repeat, to think of a girl who has been brought up on the best that Philadelphia has to offer being compelled to struggle like a Bridge passenger to obtain admittance to the Bavarian court. Her native town is not famous, if we may trust ephemeral humorous literature, for the swiftness of its pace, but in comparison with the "butterfly" tie circles which haughtily refused to recognize the Countess Pappenheim, it is a limited express train against a crippled and age-enfeebled mud turtle.

For my own part I cannot understand why such a hullabaloo is heard in the land whenever an American girl marries a French or German noble, nor can I comprehend why we Americans should entertain such ignorantly exalted views of the importance of marriages of this sort when there are so many of these noblemen to be found in New York. It is a cold night when there are not at least twenty of them in the Cafe Manhattan, and there are always two or three to be found in the Cafe Martin. There is one place in New York, however, where real noblemen are rarely seen, and that is in our most distinguished society.

The mere title of Count or Baron carries about as much weight in the exalted circles of Continental society as that of Judge or "Tax Collector" does here, and any girl who is marrying solely to gratify her social ambitions can do it much more effectively by espousing Judge Sassafras, who wears long, iron-gray whiskers and no mustache or collar, than by becoming the Baroness Ringworm of Stuttgardt. Moreover, she will have a great deal more fun and freedom in Injy'napolis, where she will reign as the queen of culture, than she will in trying to gain a foothold among a stiff-necked and impoverished nobility.

The English market, naturally enough, rates higher among match-making Americans than those of any Continental country, because the noblemen there are all ticketed and numbered, and it is an easy matter to ascertain the exact standing and possessions of each. There is a great deal, however, to be learned about the English nobility and its connections—a great deal that ambitious American mothers could learn with much profit to themselves and their progeny. In the first place, the English man or woman of title is by no means as important a personage in actual London society as in the novels of "The Duchess."

A Duchess and a Countess still have their own value in the great clearing house of London society, but the inferior titles cut comparatively little ice in the present enlightened age. As for the well-connected Englishmen, there are enough gold bricks among them to keep all the operators on the Brooklyn Bridge and in Chatham street in ammunition for a year. A great many Americans think it is such a charming thing to meet the Honorable Herbert Shuffledeck because he is brother to the Earl of Laydown and "knows so many delightful people, don't you know," but sooner or later the discovery must be made that their well-connected acquaintance has long since carefully estimated the value of his friendship, and is not associating with chance Americans for the benefit of his health. Indeed, being the brother of an Earl is looked upon as one of the liberal professions in London, and is practised industriously and with great profit by more than one man that I could name. Nor should we forget that among the different varieties of English cad that offer food for the philosophic traveller, the well connected of the species is one of the most interesting and distinct types that the country has ever produced.

After all, the best match that an American girl can make—and I do not say it in a spirit of spread-eagleism—is with a healthy, sober and industrious millionaire of her own race, who will load her with favors, allow her to do as she pleases, and find his own enjoyment in the pursuit of business.

JAMES L. FORD.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music..Two Little Vagrants	Irving Place Theatre.....Der Rabenvater
American Theatre....Captain Impudence	Keith's.....Continuous Performance
Bijou.....Courted Into Court	Koster & Bial's.....Vaudeville
Broadway Theatre.....Shamus O'Brien	Knickerbocker Theatre.The Hobby Horse
Broadway Music Hall.....The Geezer	Lyceum.....The Late Mr. Castello
Columbus Theatre.The Power of the Press	Metropolitan Opera House..Grand Opera
Casino.....An American Beauty	Murray Hill.....The Rising Generation
Daly's.....The Geisha	Olympia—Music Hall, Vaudeville, 8:15 P. M.; Theatre, Dorcas, 8:15 P. M.; Winter Garden, Bal Champetre, 11:00 P. M.
Empire Theatre.....Under the Red Robe	People's Theatre.....The Fatal City
Eden Musee.....World of Wax	Pastor's Theatre.....Vaudeville
Fifth Avenue....A Superfluous Husband	Proctor's Theatre..Continuous Perform'ce
Grand Opera House.....In Old Kentucky	Star Theatre.....Fallen Among Thieves
Garrick Theatre.....Secret Service	Third Ave. Theatre....Isham's Octoroon
Garden Theatre.....Richard Mansfield	Wallack's.....Kismet
Hoyt's Theatre.....A Contented Woman	14th St. Theatre.....The Cherry Pickers
Herald Square.....The Girl from Paris	
Harlem Opera House.....Thoroughbred	
Huber's 14th St. Museum.....Vaudeville	

Chimmie and the Duchess at the Waldorf.

"SAY, did you ever go t' de opray? So did I, neider. But de folkes all went, and we comes t' town so as dey could get dere in time widout riding dere bikes t' do it.

"We didn't come into our town house, cause dat is now in de hands of de cinch bugs—de plumbers, I mean. It's funny about dat, too. Miss Fannie was born in dat house, de town house, I mean, and she and his Whiskers has lived dere ever since, when dey has been in town, and nobody taut but dat de plumbing was all right, all right, until Little Fannie comes along. Den it was all wrong, all right. Dere aint notting what's good enough for Little Fannie—except me and de bull pup.

"Give me de fire, Chames."

"His Whiskers says 'we must have de old plumbing all tored out, and new put in, for fear de baby would catch a microbe,' what is a sort of freak bug which don't agree wid rich kids if dey catches it. Dough what t'ell dey wants t' catch it for I never tumbles to.

"I was asking Mr. Paul about it, and he says, 'A microbe, Chames,' says he, solemn t' beat de Judge in de Tombs, 'a microbe is a invention of de doctor, de devil and de plumber. Before de microbe was invented we lived t' green old ages not doing a ting but having a good time—which you might open a small bottl, Chames, if you cares t' hear more.'

"So I twists de cork out of a cold one, and Mr. Paul goes on, says he, 'De wolld flourished and bounded'—using dose dude wolds what don't mean notting but just only style—'de wolld flourished and bounded certain several tousands of years; de sun rose and set, flowers bloomed, champagne was discovered, and all good tings happened, widout no microbe in de game. Den, as I told you, wicked parties invented de microbe, and since den mankind has had no use for living, except t' die, which proves, Chames, dat you should shun evil ways, and not win all of de butler's boodle at poker.'

"I have de laugh on de microbe."

"Say, honest, was dere ever one came over de hill what was like Mr. Paul? He can talk like dat as long as I will twist corks for him, and never say a ting what nobody knows, in a week.

"'De only good ting about de microbe, Chames,' says he, just before I was chasing meself, 'is dat it cannot abide in de same vessel wid wine or spirits, and dat is why, dough I am but a weak vessel meself, I has de laugh on de microbe.'

"But dat wasn't what I was going t' tell you about. As de plumber was working on his job of driving de microbes out of our town house, we went t' de Waldorff, when we come into town, for de folks t' go t' de opray.

"Say, was you ever in dat joint? It aint so woise if they don't know dat you is a vallett, or a maid, like me and de Duchess; which dey didn't know it about us. De Duchess put me up t' dat trick. I signed de names on de book in de office for de whole party, and after I'd signed for Miss Fannie and her husband, and Whiskers and Mr. Paul, I signs for 'Mr. and Mrs. Horton.' Dat was for me and de Duchess, which de name is like her front name—'Hortense.' I used t' sign me own name straight, but everybody knows me if I writes 'Chimmie Fadden,' and plays me de jolly. Dat gives me a tired feeling. See?

"Well, when de folkes had all gone t' de opray I says t' de Duchess dat we had a fiver to blow in wot Mr. Paul had given me t' cut ice wid; and I asks her what kind of ice would we cut.

"Say, honest, it breaks the Duchess's heart t' yield up de good long green, and she taut a while and den says what did I want? I says I wanted t' go in de palm room and sit down like we was real folks; listen t' de music and drink a bottle, just de same as if we were regular swells. I want'ed t' know how it felt.

"She says, 'Give me de fiver, Chames,' says she. 'We'll have de bottle, if you wants it; we'll be swells if you wants t' try it, but if we has to pay for it den I was born in Hoboken.'

"I yieldel up de bill, and de Duchess she pipes off de mugs and women in de palm room, and after awhile she says kinder to herself, 'Dey is me game, sure,' and she nudges me t' folley, and we went in dere and sits at a table right next t' a mug whot had a lady wid a front on her like a jewelry store, and was made up t' beat a actress out on top of de stalge.

"De French waiter comes up to us, but de Duchess gives him a quick game of forn talk, which I couldn't get on to all of it, dough I tumbled t' some, for I'm getting a fair holt of dat langwidge from de Duchess. I knowed dat she told de waiter dat we wouldn't order just yet cause we was woitin' for Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, and p'chee de names she used near trun me in a fit, for dey is crackerjack swells. I seed dat de lady at de next table looked quick at de Duchess, and whispered t' de mug wid her like she'd just found a winning ticket in de lottery. De Duchess seed it, too, but made a bluff she didn't, and talked at me like a hurry am'blance all de time in French. See.

"Of course I wasn't on t' more dan about one word in ten, but I nods me head and looks wise, and only says, 'Oui, oui,' once in a while just t' be in it.

"Den de lady at de next table she calls de waiter and gives a order in French, which it was worse French dan I can put up meself, but de Duchess starts and whispers t' me, 'Dat lady is a Parisenne; I can tell it from her French.'

"Wid dat de lady smiles and swells like she was standing over a hot air heater, and den de Duchess drops her purse and de lady picks it up and hands it t' her, and in a minute dey was jabbering away like dey was old pals, and tickeled t' deat t' see each odder again.

"Me and de mug wasn't in it, so after a while he says, 'Rotten bad wedder we is having,' says he t' me.

"I looked like I'd been hit on de jaw, and blinked like de bull pup when Little Fannie pinches his ears. But de Duchess says quick, 'My husband,' says she t' de mug, 'my husband, de Count, does not speak no English,' she says.

"Say, de mug braces like he'd guessed tree winners straight, and tells de waiter t' serve us glasses and wine.

"I was on to ye, Chimmie," s id he.

"Well, I tout I'd die if I couldn't yell murder, but I just sat dere and looked cheerful while dat mug trun wine and terrapin and stuff into us for hours.

"Honest, I was beginning t' tink dat it was me and not Oscar what owned de Waldorf, and in a minute more I'd done a song and dance right dere, only dat a little buttons from de office—a cute little mug no bigger dan me arm—comes up to us and says, 'Here, youse! Mr. and Mrs. Burton is back from de opray and has sent down for dere vallet and maid.'

"Wid dat de little beggar gives me a wink and says, 'I was on to you from de foist, Chimmie.'

"I tout dere would be a scrap on me hands wid de wine buyer, but he was paralyzed. De Duchess got up, and sweeps a bow two yards long and says 'Bon swah, madame; bon swah, monsieur. Come, Count, we must undress our master and island of Manhattan? What?"

"Say, can you beat her on dis little oldisland of Manhattan? What?"

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

THE JESTERS' CHORUS.

"So, Mr. Skinner has failed!" exclaimed the man who always makes himself at home.

"Yes, sah," replied the colored man who was employed around the store.

"Do you know what his principal liability is?"

"Yes, sah. Ef many mo' folks comes 'roun' pesterin' 'im, he's liable ter buy hisse'f er railroad ticket an' let 'em settle up de business de bes' way dey kin."—Washington Star.

"Aha!"

His Serene Highness the Sultan was absorbed in thought. It was rather too early in the day for him to be absorbed in anything stronger.

"Aha," he mused, again. "Why do these Circassian girls cost me more than they used to cost? I have heard more or less about women being advanced. I wonder if it's a trust."—Detroit Tribune.

"If you watch me," whispered the boy with the rubber gun, who occupied a seat in the gallery, "you'll see what shootin' stars looks like."

And he shot peas and beans at the stage lover and the heavy villain till the policeman who had been watching him fired him out of the building.—Chicago Tribune.

"No, sir," said the president of the trust, "if we cannot succeed by legitimate methods I, for one, prefer to fail. Let us do nothing dishonorable."

"But this man stands in the way of the entire enterprise. He will neither sell his plant nor sign the agreement," urged the suave promoter.

"Be that as it may," insisted the great man whom the evil genius of the age had not yet corrupted, "I can never sanction the plan you suggest. Freeze him out, if you can; boycott everybody who has anything to do with him; hire his men to strike, and notify the railroad companies that they can't carry our goods if they carry his, but I shall never countenance the proposition to blow up his buildings."—Detroit Tribune.

A Moment with the Chappies.

Miss Van Alen is now so conspicuous socially that the habitual matchmakers are very busy selecting a husband for her.

From what I have seen of Miss Van Alen, I think that she is not likely to delegate this delicate task to a committee, no matter how willing or efficient it may consider itself.

If she needs assistance she will probably apply to her father, Mr. James J. Van Alen (always with one "I"), or her grandmother, Mrs. William Astor, who is very fond of her.

Nor is it likely that Miss Van Alen is in haste to choose a partner for life.

She is just out. This is her first opera season, and the first grand ball in her honor was that of Monday night.

She is receiving her first impressions and enjoying her first experiences of the gay world of fashion. A half dozen young chappies are dancing attendance on her assiduously, and all in all she appears to be quite content with existing conditions.

Not so with the matchmakers. They are dreadfully concerned as to her matrimonial prospects. They are more than anxious that she shall have a fitting husband, and are industriously canvassing all the eligibles.

"Lissie" Stewart is too old. Creighton Webb is too bald. "Dickie" Peters is too Philadelphia. "Worthie" Whitehouse is not sufficiently attentive. Arthur Kemp isn't class enough, as they say of race horses. Harry Lehr is too precipitate. And thus it is all through the list until James De Wolf Cutting is reached.

There the matchmakers halt and hold counsel. Young Cutting is handsome, well-to-do, possesses a proud pedigree, and is very, very attentive. Why not he?

Why not, indeed, if it suits Miss Van Alen and himself? But why should there be such a rush to marry off this debutante? The matchmakers could put their time and talents to much better use by marrying off certain ladies who are not debutantes, and certain chappies that antedate young Cutting by many, many moons.

If the person who continues to write me anonymously from the Knickerbocker Club had the moral courage to back up his allegations with his name and address, his correspondence might be of some value.

As it is, I am afraid that he wears a green carnation and purloins the Knickerbocker Club stationery on which he writes.

And speaking of the mysterious reminds me that the chappies are still asking what caused Boston to turn its back on Henry Melville, the Englishman who was welcomed here and in Newport, and who is now in Washington.

Isn't the friend of Lord and Lady de Grey, Sir Edgar Vincent and the Duchess of Manchester good enough for Beacon Hill?

That Coaching Club row is the chief topic of conversation among the chappies. They stand by Tommy Tailer to a man, and they hold Jack Astor blameless, but they do give it to the club.

Poor old Jack! No wonder his legs are so long. There isn't an organization of any kind or character that hasn't taken a pull at them. Wherever a millionaire is needed Jack is always the first man thought of.

He can't drive four-in-hand, it is true, but he is just as good a whip as Bill Whitney or George Griswold Haven or a dozen other members of the Coaching Club, at that.

The Coaching Club ought to cauterize its wounds, and make both Jack and Tommie honorary members.

"Bunty" Bradford is still very ill at the Albemarle. The benefits that he derived from his stay at the Virginia Hot Springs during the late Summer and early Fall seem to have been quite overcome by the uncertainties of this trying climate.

Mrs. Lloyd Aspinwall is also ill at her residence in East Twenty-fifth street. She is suffering from pleuro-pneumonia, contracted while shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., are expected to arrive on the Majestic to-day. From the interest that society has manifested in this young couple I should not be surprised if the Four Hundred, with all its fringe and imitation, went en masse to the pier to meet them.

For my own part I may say that I know of no people more worthy of welcome. Young Vanderbilt has shown himself to be a man under trying circumstances, and his wife is, as she always was, one of Gotham's most charming women.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

THE THREE MONKEYS.

In the baggage car corner, grim, sullen, the
accordeon madly he played,
While he grinned at the roustabout dancing
to the horrible tune while he swayed.
And 'twas down at the opposite corner that
a Tuscan was crouched in a heap,
While his scrupulous lavender monkey on
his wishbone was cuddled in sleep.

The accordeon fiend played with frenzy till
his arms fairly cracked at the roots,
And the dancer danced on with an ardor
that would gladden the mender of
boots,
But the Tuscan still leaned on the organ
all benumbed in a nightmare supreme,
And the monkey peeled never an optic
while he snored in his roseate dream.

The accordeon fiend, sore, exhausted, wallowed round like a ship in a storm,
And the dancer stopped, foot sore and
weary, when he'd lost all his wind
and his form;
And when silence set in, did the Tuscan
so swarthy, mayhap for a prank,
Of a sudden, when least 'twas expected,
give a vigorous turn of the crank.

When the first bar of Il Trovatore drowned
the jig of the fakir so vile,
Did the monkey fly forth like a comet from
his dream with a heavenly smile,
From the ribs of the Tuscan far leaping as
if high on a cocoanut palm,
In a rapturous rumpus he rippled through a
frenzy that nothing could calm.

'Twas a monkey in spirit that wildly the
accordeon jerked until sore;
'Twas a monkey in spirit that capered until
he could caper no more.
Oh, the Tuscan smiled on most benignly
while he twisted the crank with a nod,
And it wasn't a monkey in spirit that tiptoed to the music of God.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The New Woman Sheriff.

[Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.]

The latest new woman to take her stand upon the pedestal of fame is Susan Smith, of Virginia, who is now a deputy sheriff. We predict that the whole country will try to "go into the hands of the Sheriff" inside of three weeks.